For the Round Robin -

North India Presbyterian Mission,
OFFICE OF THE TREASURER.

Morar, Gwalior Sept. 4th, 1913

My dear folks,

Margaret and I have agreed that she does not write the Weld family as often as she might, and that I do not write the Elder family except when a child is born . Therefore she is to write the Welds on the first Friday of every month, and on the same day, I am to write you . I hope you won't mind--it really dos'nt do you any harm , and it does me lots of good . "Please do not shoot the pianoist--he is doing the best he can". I have been very grateful for the pleasure of reading your R.R. letters for the last four years . It has made me feel that I belong to you: that when I married Margaret, I married the Elder family, and I like that feeling .

Is'nt there a proverb that if your house is divided against itself, you should not stand it ? That is the way I feel about living the bachelor life during the long four or five months of the hot season . It is the one real great trial I have been able to discover in the life of a foreign missionary . There may be more, but I have never been able to see them . India can be very cruel at times, by scourging her people with famine, cholera, plague or sedition, but on the whole the sun shines in India and life is worth living, save when familes are divided . "It aint right". In four more weeks, we are hoping that our time of separation will be over. Mary, you think you are a widow, because Sadie goes away for two or three weeks, but think of poor me, waiting at home for that many months; waiting for my wife to make up her mind to come back to me .

We are all very well . Margaret has been a little under the weather but is better now . Helen keeps her busy, for she is full of the Original Adam (Helen not the Mother), and stuffs the brother's mouth full of bread, throws brother's clothes down the steep hill-side, drinks the

rain-water wigglers and all, plays in puddles in her stocking-feet and does other things . I wonder if Margaret has written you about one of her recent remarks . She was playing with Elizabeth Higginbottom, a little girl about her own age . The following dialogue was overheard by Mrs Hig-. Elizabeth-"Let's sing-'Jesus bids us shine'". Helen-"Dis ain't no girja". Girga means Church . One wonders where she gets her bad grammar from .

It is very hot today . It is true that the thermometer shows only 96 but it is a very close sticky heat, because there is rain in the air. It will probably go up to over a hundred by two o'clock, and then will hold it until four-thirty, when it will begin to cool off a bit . One does not care to go to bed until 12 because it will be too hot to sleep . In one more month, we will begin to get the first indications of cooler weather . From the middle of November till the middle of March, life will be worth living . December, January and February are delightful--much like the Winter of Italy . We hope that you will come then and see us . I wish to show you my flowers . I have set out some roses-planted some sweet-peas, pinks, balsam, and many other vareities . We have about sixty pots of chrysanthemums (Yes, that ~~xx~~ is the proper spelling--I have just looked it up in the dictionary. It's from chruson(gold) and anthemon(flower).)

The work goes merrily forward . I had a long talk with the Maharajah the other day . I forgot that Margaret wrote me to tell you all about it, and I have gone and written a long letter and not said a word about it . We talked about our work here . He said that he hoped I would tell the Hindus to be good Hindus and the Mohammedans to be good Moslems . I sadd that I would hardly come all the way from America to do that--as we felt that the teachings of Christ were the best possible religion for India . He said: "When I go to a Mosque, I take off my shoes, when I go to a Church, I take off my hat, when I go to a Temple, I pray to Bhagwan, who is the God of us all, as there is only one God ." He added that he had never studied the question much however . I said that I had, and that it was very interesting. He did not rise to this however . I should enjoy helping him study Comparative religions . I went motoring and boating with him and enjoyed myself

With much love, Ernest

x Note originals must have been yellow - not white -

Morar, Gwalior
Jan. 16, 1913

Dear Home Folks,

We have been entertaining a guest this week, or rather a fellow-worker — Miss Edith H. May. She has worked in India for many years, but has just now returned from furlough. Formerly she was connected with the Women's Union Zenana Mission. But she has severed her connection with that society and comes out

has secured a little Indian house very near the bazaar where she will live with perhaps an Indian Christian woman, as a helper. She is a cultured woman who comes from a good Boston family. We have enjoyed having her in our home.

Last Friday Ernest had to go to Agra on Mission business. While there he saw the Taj Mahal, that wonderfully beautiful tomb renowned the world over. I hope to go

one small calf that
was tied to a strong
stake in the ground,
became so frightened
at seeing white folks
(Ernest says it was at me)
that he became perfectly
wild, broke his tether
and went bolting over
the field. We talked
with people here & there
and when we found one
who could read, gave him
a tract in Hindi
We also had some small
picture cards with
Hindi verses on them
When we gave one of these
to a small boy who

the outside with iodine and the tonsils on the inside with tannen + glycerine. But relief didn't come very quickly; she refused to eat anything; wouldn't even drink milk. and also began having fever. One day it was up to 102.4 nearly all day. We sent for Major Anderson again but found he had gone to the district and wouldn't be back for three weeks. We then thought of Mrs. Stephens (M.D.) who is in charge of the Women's Hospital here.

We are sorry not to
hear more encouraging
reports of your condition,
Father. Your strength
seems to return very
slowly. But we hope
you are well and
entirely recovered by this
time.

Mr. Mitchell of
Mainpuri was here
for a few hours today.
He is one of the finest
men in our mission.

Very lovingly
Margaret

could read the news,
at once a throng
of children gathered
around us begging for
the cards and refused
to disperse until we
had given away all our
cards.

Helen has been having
a bad cold and a rather
serious attack of
tonsilitis for a week.
We finally called in
Major Anderson, the
civil surgeon: who
prescribed for her
and we began painting
the enlarged glands on

But feared she would not be able to come as the Maharani was ill and she was attending her day and night. But we decided to try anyhow. Then in case she couldn't look after Helen or Helen wasn't better by morning E. had made up his mind to send us to Shanai to the hospital. Well, fortunately both things turned out well. Helen was much better next morning (today) and Dr. Stephens also came over to see her. She has been a different child today and we feel she is going to get along all right now.

as an independent missionary and an honorary member of our mission. Of course she would likely not be allowed to work here, if she were not in some way connected with our mission. Her idea is to get into some of the Indian homes and teach the women who are shut up in purdah. She has been looking around to see what the prospects were for getting located; and

over and see it some day.

A few evenings ago Ernest and I walked out to a nearby village to look around and see what chances there might be for doing some work out there. We proved to be objects of great interest. The women came running to the doors of their mud-houses to have a glimpse of us as we went by, and many of the men & children followed us about.

Extract of another letter written by Ernest's clerk who was left in charge of things at the bungalow while Ernest was in Cawnpore.

"Dear Sir, I am very ashamed to write you about your rabbits and think that you shall also feel sorry for them, that your one of the rabbits has been killed by a cat by Maly's (gardiner's) & Chankidali (nightwatchman's) look out, perhaps Maly didn't tighten the string of the rabbit's trap well so one of them jumped out some time in the night, and Chankidar saw it creeping around the

time when he saw it; and he told me that "It was about 4 o'clock when he saw it and he tried his best to catch it but couldn't and that he thought that the sun will appear above the horizon soon after an hour and then he will inform me and shall be able to catch it soon.

Now again when Maly came here I also inquired from him about the same matter, that why didn't he close the door well? and he said that he did. Then I asked him. Well if you did close the door well then how that rabbit came out. Did it loosen the string and opened the door himself, that is absurd? And he could not

The following is an extract from a letter of congratulation which we received from Ernest's "baboo" (clerk) - a boy ~~of~~ 19 or 20 yrs. of age who has had about the equivalent of a H. S. education.

About 2:30 P.M. on May 24th. we telegraphed Ernest to come to Kandoom. At 5:30 on the same day the following telegram was sent. "Ernest arrived at 5:20. All well." This second telegram Ernest never received as he had already left Moran in response to the first wire.

This will explain some of the "baboo's" remarks. You will notice he almost quoted the telegram first accurately.

which I read before him and returned him after going through it once; But was delighted to read a very pleasant line, a very joyful and harmony sound to my ears, The wording of which were" Junior Earnest has arrived Come Soon"

May the Almighty Father of heavens bless and pour his choicest gift on that "Junior E.—! May! he be a star of India and America, and a strong arm of his Parents. May! the Father of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob's envelopes his all troubles and miseries and seals them with his own hands.

I copy the letter just as it was written - as to punctuation spelling etc.

Gwalia, 26th May, 1913.

Dear Sir,

just a few lines to let you know something about Moran, (1) A wire arrived here on the same eve about 7:30 when you left this for Kanowna of which I refused to take its delivery, but soon after doing this act of a sudden it came to my mind that perhaps it may be some victoria wire or somebody else might have asked for some money in that; so I went to inquire in the Post Office about it, and the Post Master very kindly hand it over to me

The rest of the letter pertained to business. a few phrases of which may also interest & amuse you:

"Your both mare & horse are getting on alright, and I see them personally every morning".

"Nothing so fresh to add with it is getting pretty warm since you left this, and we have strong wind storms every evening, so I have kept your chiks (bamboo screens for mandal) inside the Bungalow. We all enjoying well with this hot weather just like Hell and hope that you and memsahibaji (that's me!) and our loving little Helen must be pretty well & enjoying a sound health".

Almost every time Sir thought of this effusion Sir gone off into hysterics of laughter; and I've no doubt it would affect you all the same way.

kitchen but did not inform me at that time, and early in the morning came & told me that "Sir during the night a rabbit got loose". So I got up at once and made an hunt for it all around the compound but could not find; meanwhile the sweeper who sweeps our house went in the P.W. which is on the river side near the well which we don't use now a days, just to throw dust and found that a cat caught it by the neck and killed it and is ready to finish it up soon. So I got very much angry with the rickshaw and asked him that why didn't he inform me just at the

answer this. That's all what I can say about it but am very much ashamed for totally lieving on them, and not seeing the trap back running personally, that is my own fault out which made you to suffer the risk of this great loss, and I beg your pardon for that; but now I see the trap each evening with my own eyes. But sorry for poor spotted one which has already been killed by a cat.

Moran, Gwalior

Nov. 21, 1913.

Dear Brothers + Sisters,

It seems pretty hard to leave Daddy out of this greeting and it's difficult to realize the has gone from us. The word reached me last Saturday Nov. 15th. Thank you, Darled for writing me so fully. I was not altogether unprepared for the message; for the week previously, daddy's usual

the word that he had died en route.
Jim so glad you were doing everything
that could be done, to bring him
back to health or at least to
prolong his life for a few more months.
He was so active and apparently well
when we left home, that it is difficult
to think of him as having become
feeble. When we sailed for India, it
was with the confidence that we should

letter was missing; and
this seemed ominous.
Then two, later had
written quite plainly
about his condition
only a few weeks before.
Still, I had thought of
the possibility of his
going to a warmer
place for the winter,
and kept hoping that
word would come that
this had happened and
that he would be
comfortable for another
cold season at least.
So it was hard to get

see the parents once more at
least upon our first furlough.
'Tis a grief I confess, that Father
has been taken before our return
and that he has not lived to see
our dear kiddies.
But altho he was always content &
cheerful, I can't help feeling that
his last years at Worcester must have been
rather lonely; and that he is

now perfectly happy.
That's my chief comfort.
To widely scattered
he has done much to
keep us all in close
touch with each other,
and I hope we shall
follow his parting
instructions and
continue to "stick
close together." I
shall miss his weekly
letter; it seldom failed
to come. But I shall
hope to hear from each
of you, the more often now.

one of these once before, but Ernest says, in case we did, you are probably ready for another by this time anyhow. The table-cover does look rather grimy; a great many things do, out here, that are made by hand in these dirty Indian hovels. But I'm assured that the colors are "sabbka" (fast); so if you wash it carefully (perhaps soaking it just in salt water), it looks will be much improved. I'm sorry we haven't anything for the kiddies; but it's difficult to get anything out here, suitable for children.

I realize that this is the week we must get Xmas mail. I have a few packages ready to send you. I hope they will reach you safely.
The muffler enclosed in your Xmas box, Mary + Jim, is for David. Will you see that he gets it? I could not send it direct, David, since we do not now know your whereabouts. I'm not sure but what we sent you

your remembrance Tom + Margaret we are sending to Shelbyville. I suppose you have arranged to have things forwarded in case you have already gone to Indianapolis. Ernest says the little satin doily with silver trimmings is to be used beneath an ash-tray.

Tom + Margaret we are sending your little parcel direct to you in Chicago. I hope none of you will be held up for customs. If you are, value the things at a low price, as none of them are expensive.

With Ernest love to you all

Margaret.

The Firs
Bandour, Missouri

May 22, 1913.

Dear folks at Home,

Because I write our address as above, don't you forget to put on the "India" also. A letter came from father without it, a few weeks ago. However, it's safer to put the name of the country also on the envelope.

Each season here in the hills, seems to be out of the ordinary - according to the remarks of people who have been in the country for a long time - We seldom have a normal

He expects to come up in about a week.

I had an interesting letter a few days ago from a Mrs. Harry B. Weld of East Orange, New Jersey. She had seen our names in the Missionary Prayer Calendar and was struck by the similarity of them. And because of this, her boy, nine years old had chosen us as his substitute on the field. She wanted a message from one for their Missionary Society. I have had lots of letters of this kind to write lately. As far as I can tell, I think she is not related to us. Our branch of the Weld family has very few connections.

A bulky R.R., the accumulation of many

summer. Thus, this
year, we are having rain
in May - "a most unusual
thing". In fact for the last
week there has been almost
a steady downpour, and in
consequence we have been
confined pretty closely to the house.
The real rains are not
supposed to begin until the
last of June or the first of July.
This sort of weather up here
has also affected the plains;
so that most places "down
country" are from 30° to 20°
lower in temperature than
usual. Gwalior is warm of
course, but Ernest is not
finding it dreadfully uncomfortable.

works apparently, arrived last Sat. in a very dilapidated condition. Let me suggest that when you send so many contributions at one time you tie a string around the envelope, for unless it is a very strong one it usually comes busted out on the edges. I had been wondering whether the flood had reached you, Tom. Am glad you escaped so fortunately. I hope your new move to that place of such wonderful progress Gary has meant advance financially too, Gabie.

You certainly have spent no money very judiciously, Mary. However I think you omitted one thing in the calculations - the patterns - so that we are probably about even, instead of my being $.39 to the good. Much love to you all

Margaret

10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M. It's hard, tiring work, and it's too bad they have to take a chunk of their vacation time for it.

Thank you for Helen's dollar getter. Had I known you were sending it, I would have asked you to keep it out in purchasing stamps for those little rolls I have asked to be distributed; then I would have given Helen it's equivalent in rupees. I would return it to you for that purpose, except that I want to send it to Rita Kittle to purchase for me a special kind of hair brush in Aurora. The one I brought with me is just about worn out. I shall have to try to make some other

David, You'll have to put another 2 cent stamp on it.

The Fire
Candour, Missouri
June 18, 1913.

Dear Ones in the U.S.A.

A few weeks ago one of our missionary friends overheard a conversation between Helen & Trumbull Smith (aged 10 yrs.) Helen was on her way up to Sunday School the day after Billy Ernest was born. Trumbull came up to her poked her in the ribs & remarked "your mother's got a baby". Helen paid little attention to him at first. He nudged her

It really isn't necessary to return my letters. The last 2 or 3 I've written contained my own contributions.

Dr. Edwards took his first picture.
If it comes out well, I shall send one
on to you.

I went out to church last Sunday
evening and heard my husband preach
a very interesting sermon. Cecil seemed
quite astonished to see me there.
I really am quite tricky, altho' I have n't
tried climbing any hills yet!

Ernest has been busy for a week and
a half in Mission Audit Committee meeting.
He's now work steadily each day from

again + said "your
Mother's got a baby".
Helen replied "She has not
got a baby. She's got a boy."
At Ernest's suggestion
we sent out the baby's
little announcement
cards to His Highness the
Maharajah of Gwalior.
We felt quite pleased +
proud when a few days
ago, a note of congratulation
came from him.

We are all getting on
nicely. Wm. E. Jr. gained
another 3/4 lb. last week;
So now weighs 7 1/2 lbs. Yesterday.

The Firs

Landour, Mussoorie

India

Aug. 7, 1913.

Dear folks at home,

The week has passed as usual, with an abundance of rain falling every day, and little "doing" outside the house. We have had our hands full tho, keeping Helen in, and trying to keep her amused. I gave her a new doll two days ago - one that came in the

to notice things. He still sleeps a great deal of the time, day and night, & gives us little trouble.

The weather in Gwalior is hot; but Ernest is pretty well again. He teaches in the Mohan Boys' School as usual; & has been having some very long & successful meetings in the church, showing magic lantern pictures of Gospel stories. He has also visited a number of villages near, & been received attentively.

missionary
boy from Burma. Already it
is maimed for life- both
arms + legs broken.
She is very hard on her toys,
and delights in pulling things
to pieces.
Mrs. Higginbottom has come up
from Allahabad with her
children; so Helen has
playmates now and she +
Elizabeth get on pretty well together.
She is not particularly
selfish with her toys.
Jimmie is growing nicely.
He can hold his head up
pretty stiffly, + is beginning
5

Mr Dalgetty, a Scotchman who has
charge of the services in our church up
here for the rest of the summer is
a splendid preacher & we
are treated to a good sermon
in English

Dearest love to you all

Margaret.

The Firs. Knutsford

July 3, 1913

Dear Home Folks,

Ernest is using the pen & ink, so I must resort to pencil, if this letter is to get off on the week's boat.

We are all flourishing. Junior is growing nicely as he should & getting round & plump. He has been rather wakeful at nights lately and has kept us up for several hours at times

had 7 days, but everyone says
she is continually growing
prettier. Her eyes certainly sparkle
out mischief most of the time.
When Ena Frances was here she
taught Helen to say (in English) "good
morning Grandmother, quite a vogue
+ Jim afternoon". Whenever she
gets that 7th (having no idea 7
expresses what it means) I smile
+ think "it's certainly the truth

I then went back into the house to my work. Helen soon came in with the buttons in her hand saying that the peddler would give them for one dozen less, I was to buy them & stop to bargain with him so I told Helen to take them back & give them to the peddler. She returned soon with the information that he

as long as they are being applied-
no longer. The gentleman friendly
said to her, 'Helen what should
I do with you?' She replied
promptly, 'Calmly "forgive
forgive me!"' Ernest goes down to Jericho
today. I have tried to remember
him to stay a little longer
as he has been very kind & steadily
for 3 weeks on Mission accounts; and

Father decided to have time to argue with him and then adds on his own responsibility "Perhaps she will take them tomorrow". Then she proceeds to ask him why he doesn't use an umbrella etc etc.

Yesterday she was very naughty and we were almost at our wits end to know what to do with her. Spanking seem to impress her just about

needs a good rest before going
back to the heat. But he looks
he has been away from the
station long enough.
So glad to know you succeeded
in getting the Chicago job. Bet-
ter
and have
Write soon. Much love to you all
Margaret.

when we should rather
have been asleep.
But he sleeps as if he
were drugged, during
the day.
Helen still comes
him violently, petting
+ kissing + scratching
him whenever she
is within reach of him.
I wish I could get
a good picture of Helen
to send you. She has
changed amazingly
I think since the
last good time you

as soon as she is awakened at least. She chatters like a magpie from morning till night, and even after she gets to bed when there is no one else to talk to, she carries on a conversation with her dolls. The other day a pedlar came along and I was about to buy some buttons from him, but before closing his pack I changed my mind

Near Quebec

Nov 27 / 93.

Dear Ones at Home,

I was very much disappointed last week & not to hear from any of you. I had thought some one of you would surely be writing immediately after the funeral, telling me how all the particulars. Perhaps you did write and the letter missed the boat. Anyhow it has been a long two weeks.

I know I had to go on with work and duties &

before this. She asked them to return the following Tuesday, & bring me along with my music. Of course I was delighted and quite excited over the invitation. On the day fixed, my ayah developed a sore eye and had to go home. I was afraid I should have to give up the visit to the palace, as I had no one with whom to leave the children. But miss Mac came to the rescue with the

and asked numerous questions about them both. This caused a great grief to her that she has no children, especially a boy.

She had tea all ready for us. She sat with us at a little round table & poured & served the tea herself. Then she took us into her drawing-room where I sang a couple of songs for her, and played her accompaniment

very sweet + unassuming in manner.
I hope I may be able to go again
sometime + sing for her. She is
very fond of music.

This afternoon I went to
another interesting affair a tea
given in honour of two Kashmiri girls
Maharaj + Bibis Kaksar who are to
be married next Sunday. They live
here in Moran not far from us.
Their brother who is giving the wedding
for them, is probably the chief man

while she sang a little
ballad for us (in English.
Then we all sang
Juanita, and Black Jo,
Way Down Upon the
Suwanee River etc. together.
We had just a nice,
easy, friendly, intimate
time together, and it
was lovely. The private
apartments in the
palace are beautiful.
And she has numerous
pianos. She wore a
lovely dark red figured
silk sari (gown) with
gold border & many
exquisite jewels. She is

in the Maharaja's government - Col. Haksar, a very fine man, a Kashmiri
The wedding ceremonies last about
a week. Two of the ceremonies have
already been performed. In the first
one, the palms of the bride's hands are stained red;
~~with~~ in the second one, heavy gold
& silver jewelled ornaments are
suspended from her ears by a fine
cord passed over the crown, they hang down
below the shoulders. The third ceremony

lasts all night when the bridegroom comes to carry off his bride. In accordance with the Indian custom these marriages have been arranged by the parents. The girls have never seen their future husbands. The girls are 17, 20 yrs. of age. One of them married a young doctor, the other a young lawyer. And when they go to their new homes they will no longer live in seclusion. This is the wish of the bridegroom

anklets. The garments were very handsome, beautiful silks & satins & chiffons & velvet, beautifully embroidered. The wedding gowns, were simply exquisite, - white satin, trimmed & embroidered in silver & gold & pearls. Both trousseaus were fit for a queen. They say Col. Aksan has spent 40,000 Rupees (13,000.) on these two weddings. This sum of course includes all the trousseau & jewels of the brides.

A wealthy Indian girl is certainly an attractive creature in her richly embroidered

and the girls are greatly delighted.

The dresses of the brides are exquisite. All the garments and jewels are in duplicate, each sister being fitted out just like the other. Each wore a dog-collar of 8 or 9 strands of small pearls, two long necklaces, one made entirely of little gold pendants, the other of jewels set in gold, and a gold watch on a long gold-bead chain. Besides these four special things they each wore many bracelets, rings &

flowing graceful garments & her
many jewels.

With much love to you all

Margaret

in a certain measure,
with pleasures, just as
if nothing had happened
His hand & realize the
loss at such a distance.
But it will grow more
real from week to week
as Father's letters fail
to appear.

Last Tuesday afternoon
Miss May, Miss Hill & I
went to the palace
and had a little private
visit with the Maharani.
Miss May & Miss Hill
had been calling on Her
Highness a few days

suggestion that I take them along. So I dressed them up in their best, & we set forth. It's a 4 mile drive from here. The Maharani must have been surprised to see the whole family appear. But she didn't show it. She was very cordial & gracious, & seemed very much delighted to see the children. She had Jamsie in her lap for a long time

P.S I do want to add just a word more. A couple of weeks ago when we had a few hours' wait between trains in Agra, I saw for the first time that gem of buildings - the Taj Mahal. Do you remember the picture of it in one of Prang's Drawing Books? I have a very distinct recollection of the beautiful copy which Tom made of it. This, I think gave me my first ~~introduction~~ knowledge of the wonderful tomb. I shall not attempt to describe it. I will simply say that it is absolutely beautiful, and perfectly satisfying.

I am alone with the children this week. Frost has gone out on a walking trip for about 50 miles through some of the villages of the state.

Thank you, May & Jim, for your part in sending the box of candy. It came through beautifully.

Yours
M. E. W.

Tuttle's Pure Maine [illegible]

Oct 13, 1913

Dearly dear,

Here we are again in session at Annual Meeting. We are a large body this year. about 65 - we not including the children of whom there are 15. We have a real reunion. just like [illegible] We [illegible] all from the Pacific coast, and a young teacher Mr Walter Wilson & his wife. Mr Wilson is a Worcester man, the same little fellow whom you knew in the 1st Church C. E. [illegible] Rev Ramsden Bell, and [illegible] young [illegible] was at Worcester for a year about 1910 or 11. She remembered you and Bro. altho' she said you

had a meal with them. The Bundys are from Carson College and knew Mr. McCalla when he was a professor there.
I'm glad to see the people out from home and to hear directly from them. Some friends whom they have happened to meet. It was interesting too, to see all the new clothes made according to the latest styles.
It has been a couple weeks since I have written you, so I'll have to go back and gather up some of the news of the week or so ago. We came down from Kandovan on Oct. 7th. Ernest came up a few days before that, had a little rest and change and then walked me down the mountain. And it would

probably wouldn't have any
recollection of her

Florence Forman has come
out here, not as a missionary
but just to see her parents
She is a wonderfull sweet
Christian girl. She has
endeared herself greatly about
Bible Tabernacle.

Miss Mary Forman, one of our
older missionaries, who has just
returned from Furlough, has
asked me to have dinner
one day with her, Mrs Ramsay
and I accepted the position
Both of us and I hearing what a
fine Christian she is.

Mr. & Mrs Brady, two of our
missionaries, who also have
just come back from Furlough,
have spoken of visiting the
McCallie's. In fact I think
they were in their home.

[illegible] without him.
[illegible] compelled [illegible] the [illegible]
after [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 5½ months.
a lot of baggage, [illegible] [illegible]
necessary and you can imagine we formed
quite a cavalcade as we left [illegible] from
[illegible], Ernest + me [illegible] were in
front. Then came two [illegible], [illegible]
[illegible] each [illegible] + the [illegible]
two in one, [illegible] + I in the other.
Then there were 7 [illegible] carrying [illegible]
and - this, there was ~~[illegible]~~ something like
[illegible] cows. The Templehill [illegible] accompanied us
down the hill, [illegible] [illegible] then [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] also joined the procession
[illegible] [illegible] down the mountain is [illegible] [illegible]

MORAR, GWALIOR

Morar, Gwalior

Feb. 6, 1913

Dear home folks -

You probably missed a letter last week - because I didn't write one. About that time, I was threatened again with an attack of dysentery, & took to my bed where I stayed for about five days, and thus successfully warded off something which might have proved more unpleasant. I am all right now.

Ernest hasn't been feeling very energetic lately,

from the Hindi dialect which these poor people spoke, that we could scarcely make ourselves understood at all. The people too, especially the women seemed shy and somewhat suspicious of us and seemed to prefer to go their own ways without being drawn into conversation. We discovered only one person in the whole village who could read; with him we left some leaflets and tracts, with the hope that he may communicate some of the information which he gains therefrom,

Lucknow, who will
keep her company and
help in the work as she
can. The poor old lady
has been in great
distress the last few
days, as all her
baggage was lost in
coming from Ghazipore &
she hasn't gotten any
trace of it yet.

We were invited by
H.H. the Maharajah to
an "At Home" last week.
I was on one of the days
I was sick, so I
couldn't go. Ernest
went & enjoyed it. The

people & some of the near by villages.
They enjoy it very much - the villagers,
I mean. And there are always large
crowds to see what we can
do this rather freely when open
public street preaching might
arouse opposition on the part of
the authorities. Still it may be interesting for you
to know that on one occasion
the pictures of the life of Christ
were thrown up on
the side of a Hindu temple - in lieu
of a canvas.

Maharajah himself
wasn't present. He had
gone out hunting with
a distinguished guest;
Baron Rothschild of Berlin. He
Germany and didn't
get back in time for this
function. However it
didn't seem to make any
difference as things went
on as usual with one of
his Lt. Cols. acting as
Master of Ceremonies.

Ernest has been out
a couple of times with
our native preacher,
Kishore Lal, showing
magic lantern pictures
& giving little talks to the

Helen is quite as lively and active as ever again. I hope she stays well now until we get up to the mountains.

With dearest love to you all

Margaret.

either. So I have prescribed a tonic for him - nux vomica. He doesn't take to it very kindly.

We celebrated my birthday on the 24th. I last month by driving seven miles outinto the country, taking our lunch with us, and camping by the roadside for a few hours. The country about here doesn't seem very productive; its quite flat and the ground looks dry & barren. We stopped in one village and tried to talk with the people. But the language which we had learned in Allahabad, was so different

to his neighbors + friends.

Dr. and Mrs. Stanley White of New York were with us for a day - splendid people, whom it was a great privilege and pleasure to entertain in our home. They seemed to approve of the way we are going about our new work here.

Miss May has returned and has been getting settled in her own little house this week. She has brought with her a friend, Miss Patterson a rather elderly English lady, from

Morar, Gwalior
January 9, 1913

Dear Ones at Home,

I must go back now and gather up some of the loose ends and bring my story up to date.

Tis I have intimated or written before, His Highness the Maharajah Scindia seems to believe in doing all things to all people. His god appears to be popularity with the people. And so he celebrates all the festivals Mohammedan and Christian, as well as his own. Consequently Gwalior was a very gay place during the Holidays. The Maharajah entertains elaborately at this time of the year, and we were fortunate in being invited to many of the festivities. The festivities began on Dec 24th. Just the morning before, we received an invitation (engraved on a beautifully embossed card) which read like this: "His Highness the Maharajah Scindia requests the pleasure of Rev. Mr & Mrs. Weld's Company at Jai Bilas on Tuesday the 24th. and 31st. Dec. at 4:00 P.M. Afternoon Tea, Dinner and Fancy Dress Ball". We supposed this meant Tea on the 24th. & Dinner &

Ball on the 31st. However I thought it better to enquire if we initiated to be sure. On doing this, I learned that all these functions were to occur on the next day and were to be repeated a week later on the 31st and we were supposed to attend on both occasions. Well, you must know it took some hustling to get up fancy costumes on a day's notice. But we made it; and at 4:00 P.M. the next day were attending the Tea in the palace. It was served on small tables in a pretty balcony surrounding a large, open, inner court. One of the features of the Tea was a Christmas lottery; we all drew numbers and then went around the great Durbar Hall looking for the gift which corresponded with our number. As there were several times as many numbers as there were guests, we all had several draws. Some of the prizes were beautiful and valuable - brass fountains etc. but most of them were toys. I drew a 1 lb. packet of tea and some trinkets. Ernest got a brass fountain.

As the Moore people live four miles from the palace, there was not time to go

home after the tea-to dress for the dinner.
So his Highness had provided tents for us.
We took our fancy clothes with us and
changed in the tents. Some of the costumes were
beautiful and artistic others fantastic and
funny. The Maharajah himself came dashing
in among his guests on an imitation camel
he himself providing its means of locomotion
with his own legs which protruded through the
animal's body. The beast's long wobbly neck
he guided and manipulated at will with a
pair of reins. His Highness seemed to enjoy
the sport like a small boy on a hobby-horse.
I fitted myself out "attractively" (so my husband
said) in the Stars + Stripes. We couldn't get
up anything very special for Ernest on such
short notice; so he wore his prince
albert with collar + vest turned backward,
to represent the English ministerial garb, and
out of the right pocket of his coat, tails extended
a piece of white cardboard with the word
Worst printed on it. I shall leave it to you
to guess what he represented.

The dinner was elaborate (9 courses) and
all the food cooked deliciously in English fashion

After the dinner the Maharajah proposed a toast to the King-Emperor and we all drank his health, most of his subjects from wine-glasses, Ernest & I from our water-glasses. There was music all through the dinner, furnished by a very good electric pianola with orchestral parts. We did not stay for the Ball.

A week later on New Year's Eve, the same functions were repeated - Tea, Fancy Dress Dinner & Ball. Instead of the bobbing there was a Treasure Hunt and Parlor Gymkhana (competative stunts). I won one of the Gymkhana events and received as a prize from the hand of His Highness a pretty little silver pitcher. In the search for treasures (packages of Indian cloth) hidden about the palace we were not successful.

At this dinner and ball the guests were practically the same as on the previous occasion but nearly all wore different costumes. I dressed as a Chinese lady. (Mrs. Eldredge sent me the costume from Allahabad); and Ernest went as "Father Time". We had an awful time that morning making his beard out of "sann" (dirty, tangled hemp);

but he looked quite "jolly" when we got him fixed up. He wore a clock suspended from his rope girdle and carried a large scythe (with bamboo handle + tin blade covered with tin foil.) One of the items ~~After dinner~~ on the menu card at dinner was "Peaches a la melba". When this course was served all the lights in the dining-room were put out, and there appeared (great blocks of ice with a silver (thrill) dish of peaches on top and underneath it in a small space hollowed out for it, a lighted candle. It was an odd, pretty thing. At the maharajah's long table there was a small railway, and a miniature train of cars ran over this, dispensing "sweets" (candy). Of the meat courses we had plenty of variety - fish mutton chicken turkey venison.

After the dinner we stayed to watch the Old Year out. Just at 12 o'clock the dancers stopped and we all joined hands and sang Auld Lang Syne. Then everybody wished everybody else "A Happy New Year". The Maharajah happened to be standing next to Ernest, and so little Ernie was the first person

he shook hands with and offered greetings to, in the New Year. Then we all went to the dining-room again, and ate what we called a "light supper".

On all these occasions the Maharanis (Queen mother & wife) are watching the festivities behind "Pardas" screens. In accordance with the custom of the country they of course never appear in public. But the Ladies who are present may go in and pay their respects to them. I always took advantage of these opportunities to speak a few words with them.

Between Christmas & New Years there were many other affairs given by the Maharajah, some of which we attended and some we didn't. On Christmas Day there was a Motor Party to the Exhibition. (This is a big, annual fair, where people from all over the State exhibit their wares & produce.) We people who live in Mysore were conducted to the Palace in the Maharajah's special private train over his light railway, a little narrow-gage road a couple hundred miles of which run throughout the State. Then we all got into automobiles (the M. has some magnificent cars) and were taken to the Exhibition where tea was served in a large pavilion; afterward we watched some drills &

manoeuvres by the troops.

One event of the week was a Buck-Hunting Party. We did not go on this trip, but the next day we received some of the spoils, when a cartload of game was sent to Morar, with a message from the Maharajah to the effect that the residents should help themselves to whatever they pleased. We took a couple of ducks & a leg of venison.

The Review of the Maharajah's troops on New Year's Day was a grand sight Ernest said. I was too tired out to make the effort to go to see it.

You will think our advent into Gwalior has been an advent into high society. It almost seems so. But these last weeks have been unusual and exceptional and the like of them will probably not occur again for another year. Over half of the people attending the festivities were guests of the Maharajah who have since returned to their homes; and the few Europeans who live here have left the city & gone out into the district for a time. So we shall be very quiet for the next few months, and will have a chance to work. (over)

With much love

Margaret

we look upon our social life as part of our work for we feel that if we do not win the good will of His Highness he may show us the door leading out of the state. If this should happen, there would be no Protestant Mission among these people.

W. E. W.

Morar, Gwalior
Jan. 23, 1913

Dear Home Folks,

There seems to be no end of getting settled. While most of the house is presentable now, there are odds and ends still to be gathered up. Almost one whole room is filled with Mr. Forman's books and Hindi + Urdu tracts + cards etc. We have made no effort yet to bring order out

The tie for myself, I suppose is something new in the way of neckwear if it is very pretty. I'll have to look at the fashion books to see if there is some special way of wearing it.

Helen is much better tho she still has a cough. We are afraid the heavy cold has affected her hearing. It may be only temporary but she certainly acts as if —

of the chaos there.

Last week's mail brought your Christmas package, Father. Thank you very much. The ribbons for Helen are very nice indeed. She also, is very proud of them, wanted to carry them around with her all the time when they first arrived. Ernest is much pleased with his tie. It was the only one he received & was much needed.

didn't hear most things spoken in an ordinary tone of voice.

Her affections have developed most amazingly in the last few weeks. She is hugging and kissing me most of the time and addressing me with such endearing terms as "nice mamma" "bari achchi mamma" (very good mamma) "Ham bahut piyar karenji" (I love you very much); "ham bahi kissi denji" (I will give you a big kiss) etc.

She generally wants to make these demonstrations most passionately when I'm busy writing a letter or doing some other important work. While usually very shy with strangers she couldn't refrain from embracing and hugging and kissing me, the other day at the dinner table, when both Miss May and Mr. Mitchell were present.

We are expecting Dr. & Mrs. White for a day's

streets come + go. There is no attempt to make them sit through the entire service. Otherwise they might not come in at all. A Sunday School picture roll is hung up in front + the story represented simply told. The same stories are told over + over again Sunday after Sunday; + the children who come somewhat regularly learn + remember a good deal. Many of them also have learned the Ten Commandments in a simplified form. We give each one a

visit next week.
Dr. White is one of the
secretaries of the
Board of Foreign Missions.
He is visiting the
various fields in the
Orient.
+ Our work here does
not develope very
rapidly but still we
are able to keep busy.
Every Sunday afternoon
we have an Xmas and a
half service in the
little church in the
bazaar. The children
(all Hindus) ragged
urchins from the

small picture card at the close of the service, and they are much delighted with these.

Lately quite a number of older boys and men have been coming in to the meeting. Ernest usually takes them apart into a room by themselves and teaches them. And to those who can read we always give some good tract or a Gospel. While we can't do open public

preaching here
yet, true is nothing
against the distributing
of literature and so
we are giving very
freely among the
people tracts cards,
gospels & portions of
Scriptures in Hindi & Urdu.
There is a Scripture
Gift Mission in London
which prints in all
languages & sends out
free of charge cards
Scripture portions etc.
for distribution among
the heathen. They have

frequently on religious subjects.
We also have opportunities in
the villages. Ernest & the
native preacher went again last
night to the little village near by
gathered a crowd & then & talked
with them about Christ & Christianity
They expect to take the magic lantern
some evening & show them some
pictures of the life of Christ.
We plan by & by to make trips out
into the surrounding country and

just sent us
2000 Hindi cards
2000 " Bible portions
1000 " Booklets
250 " Posters
and the same number
in Urdu. All we have
had to pay on this
consignment has been
the carrying charges,
amounting to about $5.00

In his work in the
High School, Ernest
is getting to be good
friends with the boys
and many of them
come around to the
house to talk with him,

meet + talk with the people in
other villages.
I hope you're feeling quite all
right by this time, Father.
With much love to you all
Margaret.

Moran, Gwalior

Feb. 13, 1913

Dear Ones in the U.S.A.

I'm a poor, lonely widow these days. Ernest has gone out with Mr. Hezlep of Ghansi on a week's tour through some of the villages in this territory. Something always happens when he goes away. This time, it was a heavy rain,- a most unusual thing for this time of the year. It came on at night after all the servants had gone. I discovered the thatch roof was leaking in several

closely watched and kept in good condition.
Well, we are glad for this warning before
the real rains begin, as to what repairs
are necessary.

I have been invited out to a couple of
informal teas this week in the homes of
some English ladies in Moran. These
have been the only social affairs since
Christmas, for us; & course the
English folks have their club where
most of them go almost every afternoon
& evening, for tennis, badminton & cards.

places; so had to run
around with tubs + basins
etc, to catch the water +
keep it from ruining our
furniture + floors. In one
place I found it flowing down
over a lot of Mr. Farmer's
books which had been
placed on some shelves in
the wall. It took some time
to get all these removed
to a place of safety, and
some of them were pretty
well soaked. Thatched roofed
houses are said to be
cooler than others in
the summer; but you see
they have their disad-
vantages too. They have to be

An invitation came today from the Rajmata the Maharani, to an afternoon affair tomorrow. I expect to go.

Helen has gotten over her hostilities all right and has as big an appetite as ever. But within the last day or two she has taken cold again - showing itself in a cough + running nose. She seems very susceptible to changes in the weather.

Ernest's aunt Mrs. John Scudder of So. India and her daughter, Dr. Ida Scudder are

expecting to spend
three or four months
in Bandoora this
summer. I'm looking
forward with a great
deal of pleasure to
meeting & knowing them.

I may go over to
Ghazipur and spend a
few days, while Ernest is
away; it's only a couple
of hours' trip; and I
don't like keeping
house in India
without a man around.

With much love
Margaret.

Morar Gwalior
Feb. 20/1913.

Dear Ones in the U.S.A.

Ernest has just returned from his work's trip with Mr. Heslop and a couple of native preachers, through some of the villages of Gwalior State. They had a very good and successful time - gave magic lantern lectures in many places, held street meetings, called on the head-men of the villages in their homes, tackled with individuals, distributed tracts, Scripture portions etc.

I must tell you about an "At Home" which I attended in the palace last week. The invitation came from Her Highness the Maharani Scindia: and said there would be Music + Bridge. Thinking I would be quite out of place at a card-party I thought I would not go, and so expressed myself to Mrs. Stephens whom I happened to see the day before. But she said, "O it will be

a couple of carts carried their paraphernalia- bedding, tent, cooking utensils, food etc. - from place to place, while the men themselves tramped. They were in good hunting territory most of the time; came close to deer & buck occasionally, but they were equipped with such poor arms, only a revolver & a .22 rifle, that they got nothing except ducks and pigeons.

quite informal. There will be
plenty of ladies who won't play. I
think you will enjoy it. Do come
and bring your music. This last
suggestion surprised me very much;
in the first place, because I was
not aware that Mrs. Stephens
knew that I sang at all, in the
second place, that you little me
should be asked to bring my music
and sing in the palace before the Queen!

Well, I went. The
Queen was receiving
her guests in her own
apartments - far from
the eyes of men. I was
ushered along long
~~long~~ corridors through
room after room,
until finally I was
shown into a large
magnificent pillared
room with marble
floors, ~~and~~ exquisite
rugs and beautifully
upholstered furniture.
The Queen sat on a
couch chatting with one
of her guests. She was

emerald brooch, beautiful
bracelets & rings.
I shook hands with her, said a
few words to her and then
moved on, to allow other guests
to pay their respects.
The majority of the guests were
Indian ladies, Mohammedans and
Hindus, very picturesque in
their bright, silk, loose garments
and jewels. It was interesting too,

dressed beautifully;
in the flowing
garments of the women
of the east the veil
over her head. The
gown(?) had a handsome
border, solidly embroidered
in gold ~~[illegible]~~ fully
a foot and a half
in width, and the
whole robe was embroidered
throughout in gold
spots. She wore
many exquisite jewels,—
necklaces of pearls,
diamonds & emeralds,
a handsome diamond &

to see them "salaam" to the
Maharani some of them making
intricate & elaborate passes over
her head with their hands, others
bowing low with their heads
almost touching the floor.
When the guests had all arrived,
there was more freedom in the
company. We got up & moved about
and talked with one another,
the little Queen too, mingling freely

and naturally with the ladies. Finally we were asked to have tea, seating ourselves around a long table at one side of the drawing-room. On this table, in beautiful silver dishes, was a tempting array of good things to eat, Hindustani & English. The Maharani herself helped serve us and was much pleased to have us taste her various Hindustani

company who was a professional
or an artist in any sense of the
term; but there were three or
four of us who did what we
could. After I had finished one
song, playing my own accompaniment,
the little Indian came flying
up to the piano, saying, "what a
lovely voice! O do sing again."
Of course, I responded with pleasure.

dishes all of which she had prepared herself that very morning.

After tea we moved back to the other end of the drawing room near the piano to listen to some music. The Maharani herself invited different ones to sing or play among others, my humble self. There was no one in the

after a couple of other solos
by different English ladies and
a couple of simple little songs
by the Maharani, who has a small
but sweet voice, some of us
gathered around the piano and
sang together some of the old
familiar songs, such Dermond
My old Kentucky Home, Juanita, etc.
In the meantime a few of the
ladies, Indians & English, had begun
a game of cards, there were about

three tables of them
playing of think; but
that seemed a very
minor part of the
"At Home". The majority
of the ladies seemed
to prefer to sit & chat
or listen to the music.
The Queen herself
did not play.

It was a very pleasant
little affair; and I
felt grateful to Mrs.
Stephens for the hint
about the music,
for I think it afforded
the Makaroni some

pleasure. I hope
may have helped also
in furthering my
acquaintance and
friendship with
the little Queen.

I am sending
you a copy of a
letter which I have
written for the
Aurora Church.
I think it may help
you to understand
more clearly the
situation. Love to you all
with much love to you
Margaret.

Morar, Gwalior
Feb. 27, 1913.

Dear folks in the U. S. A.

After the literary(?) effort of last week, I suppose you are not expecting much from me this time. The last mail boat brought us little from your direction - a short letter from Father, & one from the Wells. I am about caught up with my correspondence now; and am again beginning systematic work on the language - 3rd yr. course.

day last June, when he took a drink of water, he could feel the water sizzling all the way down his throat! The rocky formation of the soil about here seems to be the cause of the intense heat. The sun's rays are radiated from the rock surface of the foot, blistering everything about it. I wouldn't be surprised if Helen and I would have to be off to the mountains about

I have not done much with it since Annual Meeting. I'm afraid I won't be able to cover the whole course for this year. There is a great deal of Hindi to be read, some of it pretty stiff.

The weather is still cool and pleasant, but we have been hearing dreadful tales lately of how hot it gets here in the summer. One man told us a few days ago, that on a certain

the middle of April. We shall be at "The Firs" Bandon again.

Ernest goes to Allahabad next week for the meeting of Presbytery. I am a little tempted to go along but it's a whole day's trip; so don't think I'll try to do it with Helen + the ayah.

We are entertaining a guest for a few days — a Mr. H. B. Revis who is connected with the Field Museum, Chicago. He is also a Worcester graduate — many years back. He has been in the South Sea Islands for four years — looking around + gathering up relics etc. And has

sent from there
over 10,000 specimens
to the Field Museum.
He is suffering with a
heavy cold just now; so is
resting up a bit with us.

Last Saturday afternoon
I went to a "purdah" tea
at Mrs. Stephens' - that is,
she had invited in
10 or 12 Indian
women Mohammedans,
and asked Miss Hay
& me to come & meet
them. They were all
from ~~the~~ homes of the
better class in Kashkar.
Their dress is quite
different from that of
Hindu women. They wear

trousers, rather loose from the waist to the knees, and tight-fitting from the knees down. Then they have a tight-fitting bodice, and a graceful full scarf or veil thrown over the head & shoulders. Most of them also wear prettily embroidered slippers & stockings ~~and~~ many anklets; also bracelets & rings & necklaces. Purple seemed to be the popular color in trousers and the material was silk & satin. The women talked & jested among themselves and with us quite freely, & we hope to know some of them in their homes sometime.

Very lovingly
Margaret